

Halo: From the Ashes

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Summary: From the ashes of the outer colony world Mondas, a SPARTAN will rise. This is the story of SPARTAN-B312, from the glassing of his home world, to the vengeance he will have upon the Covenant. A prequel to Halo: Crimson. Thanks to Eric Nylund for Halo: Ghosts of Onyx. Don't forget to review!

1. Prologue: Monsters

Education Facility 135, Mondas Colony, 1325 hours, 4/5/2535

Bryn was happy. School had ended for the day, and now he could just play with his friends until Mummy showed up to take him home.

He looked up. There were pretty lights in the sky all of a sudden. He called out to his teacher. "Miss Sutherland, look! There are pretty lights now!" Miss Sutherland looked up. She looked scared. "Bryn, get inside now." Bryn heard running, and turned around to see soldiers running up the street. He looked up at the pretty lights again. Now he could see that it was a big purple spaceship. Hadn't he seen them on the news? Perhaps they were magical spaceships! He watched as several smaller ships came out of the big one. One was about to land at the school! Maybe there were angels in it! It's doors opened, and out of it came two large, gorilla like creatures. The smaller ship took off again.

Bryn was scared. He thought, _"These aren't angels, these are horrible monsters!"_ One of the monsters started shooting at all the other kids, tearing them apart with metal spikes. Bryn ran. He ran as fast as he could, but one of the monsters caught him. As it grabbed him and pulled him towards it, he could see what it had done to the school. All of his friends were dead, ripped in half by the spikes. The playground he had played in and had so much fun in, was soaked with blood. He spotted Miss Sutherland, who had been the nicest teacher in the school, barely alive, trying to escape, with several spikes in her chest.

She stopped moving, and bled out onto the ground. The monster lifted Bryn up, and was about to devour him when a voice rung out. "Hey fuzzball! Leave that kid alone!" The monster looked around to see an army trooper armed with a rifle. "I mean it, I _fucking_ mean it you piece of shit!" The other monster lifted it's gun, but the trooper fired at it's head three times, one round penetrating it's head. He did the same to the one holding Bryn. He collapsed onto the ground, and the army man rushed over to him. "Hey, are you alright?" He said kindly. Bryn nodded. "Yeah, I-I think I am."

The man spoke into his radio. "Sir? This is PFC Cudmore, I'm at education facility 135. Everyone's dead, except for this little kid I found. I'm taking him to the extraction point. Out." He turned to Bryn. "OK, little man, I'm going to take you off this planet, it's not safe here." Bryn was worried. "What about Mummy and Daddy?" The army trooper sighed. "They're...they're probably already off the planet. Come on, let's go." Bryn walked out of the school gates with the soldier. They passed scenes of absolute destruction, and people dead or dying all around. Bryn stopped. Cudmore didn't realise and kept walking, then looked back. He saw that Bryn was starting to cry. Cudmore was worried. "What is it?"

Bryn sobbed. "Mummy and Daddy, they're..." He was pointing to a burnt-out building, and two dead bodies. One was a man, the other was a woman. Cudmore swore to himself. "Shit." He knelt down next to Bryn. "Listent to me. I know it's hard, but you have to keep going. It's what they would have wanted you to do." Bryn nodded. Cudmore took his hand. "Let's go," he said quietly. They made it to the extraction point. Cudmore knelt next to Bryn. "Listen, I need to stay down here, to stop the Covenant, but you're heading to a safe place now. You'll be alright." "Where am I going?" Cudmore smiled. "UNSC _Leviathan_. She's the safest ship we have. You'll be alright." Bryn stepped onto the pelican. Inside were several other people, mostly splattered with blood. The pelican soon docked with _Leviathan_. Bryn was taken to crew quarters, with other refugees. Before long, the ship shuddered. One of the other refugees spotted a crewman. "Do you know what's going on?" The crewman looked grim. "We're jumping into slipspace. The Covenant are glassing Mondas."

St. Columba's Orphanage, Luna, 1456 hours, 2/1/2537 - 2 years later

__Bryn was lying in his bed when one of the Nuns walked in. "Bryn? You've got a visitor!" He looked at the door. _Nobody_ visited him. There was a man in a navy uniform standing there. He walked in. The Nun excused herself. "I'll leave you to it." The man held out his hand. "Hello there Bryn. I'm from the Office of Naval Intelligence." Bryn was confused. "What do you want with me?" The man closed the door. "The monsters that killed your parents. Do you want to kill them?" Bryn didn't hesitate. "Yes." The man smiled. "Good. Because we can give you the oppurtunity to do just that."

2. Beta Company

Camp Currahee, Onyx, 1940 hours, 3/5/2537

The Pelican came in to land. Bryn looked around, and saw, to his relief, that all the other children were as shaken up as he was. On

the ship that had bought them here, they had been given gray uniforms. His didn't have his last name on it, just stencilling saying BRYN-B312. The uniform didn't give much protection from the cold. The dropship landed, and the men in navy uniforms ordered them out and onto the grass. The men ordered them to sit down. There were several other dropships, and when they had all unloaded, there were around three hundred and fifty children sitting on the grass. There was a wooden stage facing them. On it was an old man, who was the strongest looking man Bryn had seen until he noticed the other man. He was wearing the same uniform as the others, but much bulkier than them. His very appearance radiated sheer strength.

The man spoke. "Greetings, cadets. You are here because you lost your loved ones, your family, to the Covenant. Here, we will give you the opportunity to become like me: a SPARTAN. I've fought the Covenant many times, and I've always defeated them. At the end of your training, you will be like me: a SPARTAN. However, not all of you can become SPARTANs. We only have 300 places: there are three hundred and fifty of you." The man turned to the older man. "Mendez?" Mendez stepped forwards. "Right. You want to be SPARTANs? Get back on those ships!" All of the children were bewildered. Bryn, despite his confusion, quickly ran back to the dropship. He looked at the other children. "Are you coming or not!?"

Lieutenant Kurt Ambrose turned to Mendez. "I think that one definitely has what it takes." Mendez nodded. "If he keeps this up, he'll probably end up in one of SPECWARCOM's groups." Kurt watched as the D77 flew up. "If he actually has the balls to jump."

Bryn felt his stomach tighten as they told him what he was going to do. They gave him a parachute. He was going to jump out of the dropship. At night. The men had given him a parachute, and told him how to use it, but he was still scared. Especially as he would be going first. The dropship's doors opened, and the chill night wind rushed in. Bryn took a deep breath. He could do this. He had to do this, for Mum and Dad.

He jumped.

The wind ripped at him, and he quickly felt for the string. He couldn't find it, the ground was getting closer, and - he found it! Quickly he pulled on it, and the canopy burst open above him. He sighed with relief. He still had a chance to kill the monsters.

Sleeping Quarters, Camp Currahee, Onyx, 0900 hours, 4/5/2537

Bryn was woken up by one of the drill instructors yelling loudly. "Right, get up you lot, it's time to start training!" Bryn got out of bed quickly, despite his tiredness. He was not going to fail this. Once the other children were out, the DI's marched them over to a compound. There was nothing in it but concrete, and it was surrounded by a metal fence. Mendez faced them all. "OK, cadets, I want to see you do one hundred push ups. Anybody who gives up will run around the complex three times, then come back for two hundred push ups! One, two, three..." Bryn got on the ground with the rest of the recruits, and did all the push ups. By the end of it, his muscles were burning. He was glad for the rest. Until..."One hundred sit-ups! Anyone who gives up, you know what you've got coming for you! One, two, three..." Again, Bryn dropped to the ground. By the time he had done

the one hundred sit ups he was completely exhausted. Several of the cadets had already passed out.

"One hundred chin-ups! One, two, three..." After thirty-five minutes of the exercises, it was finally over. Mendez was barely panting. "OK cadets, obstacle course, double time!" The cadets started following him. He stopped, and looked back at them. "Double file!" The kids moved into two lines, exhausted. "Straighten those lines cadets!" The kids straightened the lines as best they could. Mendez nodded. "That's better." He set off on a brisk march, with the cadets trying to keep up as best as they could. They finally arrived at their destination: A two-hundred and fifty metre long obstacle course, full of wooden barriers, ditches, narrow bridges, muddy areas and more. Mendez turned to the cadets. "Right cadets, you will go in there in groups of four. The first person to reach the end of the course will get extra rations for a week. The second will get extra rations for three days. The third will get extra rations for today, and the last will have their rations _cut _for a week." He looked at Bryn. "Cadet B-312, you're up." Bryn moved forwards. Mendez chose several others. "B-004, B-320 and B-314, you're up as well." The four cadets took their places at the start of the course.

"GO!" Yelled Mendez, and the cadets ran into the obstacle course. Bryn was in the lead, and he leapt over a ditch, and avoided the wooden planks blocking his way. He quickly ran over a narrow plank of wood crossing a long ditch, but lost his balance and fell. The three other cadets quickly overtook him, but he lifted himself out of the ditch and ran after them. He passed one of them, but the one directly in front of him was too fast, so he used most of his strength to launch himself forwards, and tackled them to the ground. He got up, kicked them in the legs, and carried on.

He came second. Just as he was relaxing, Mendez went over to him. "Excellent work, B-312."

3. SPARTAN

Sleeping Quarters, Camp Currahee, Onyx, 0350 hours, 1/6/2541

_"All Cadets, attention. Combat exercise commencing." _Bryn leapt out of bed. "All right DELTA, let's get moving!" His squad of four recruits groggily snapped to attention. Bryn inspected them. "Good job Bailey, you got the fastest time." Bailey, one of the younger recruits, smiled. "Just doing what I'm 'sposed to, Bryn!" Bryn nodded. "Alright, let's move to the armoury!" They ran out of their quarters, across the grass to the armoury. Some of the other cadets must have gotten there first, as DELTA squad was fired at with TTR. "Get to cover!" Bryn hollered. DELTA took cover behind some tree stumps.

Bryn looked up at their attackers. As he watched, another team got behind them, and attacked them. He turned to the rest of his team. "Now's our chance, run!" They ran to the armoury, getting in just as the other team started firing at them. Bryn grabbed an MA5K and several magazines of TTR. The rest of his squad did the same. They headed out one of the side doors. Bryn spoke to his team. "OK, we're going to get the jump on that squad that nearly got us. We're going to flank them, make sure none of them get away. Remember, whoever gets the most KO's in this exercise wins."

They snuck up on the other squad. They were looking the other way when several rounds of TTR slammed into their backs. They fell, gasping for breath as the round's contents touched their skin. Bryn nodded. "Good job. Let's get the others." They crept into the forest behind them. They heard footsteps coming their way. Bryn hissed to the others. "Quick, get into the trees!" They got into the trees, and watched as a squad of trainees walked below them. Bryn pointed his MA5K at them. "FIRE!" The rest of DELTA poured rounds onto the hapless cadets, who all fell to the ground, gasping for breath. DELTA climbed back down. Bryn smiled. "This is too easy. C'mon, let's win this thing!" They continued on, treading slowly and carefully so that no-one could get the drop on them.

Bryn heard gunfire ahead. He motioned to the rest of his squad. "Let's see what's going on... but be quiet!" The rest of DELTA nodded. They crept forwards, being as quiet as they could. They reached a clearing, and saw two other teams in a firefight. Bryn turned to his squad. "Let's take them out. On three. One... two... three!" They opened fire on both teams. They never knew what hit them. Bryn grinned. "Excellent work DEL- TAKE COVER!" One of his squadmates hit the ground, TTR on his chest. Another fireteam had snuck up on them when they hadn't been looking. Bryn got behind a log, TTR barely missing him. He quickly got up, sprayed his MA5K, and ducked down again. He grinned when he heard a thump from the other side.

He looked to his left. Bailey was standing up, firing round after round at the enemy. A round of TTR hit his chest, and he fell. Bryn crawled over to him, and pocketed the magazines he had dropped. Bryn spotted the rest of his squad behind another log. He took a deep breath, and ran towards them, dodging the TTR flying at him. He got there safely. He turned to the rest of the squad. "OK, we're pinned down. We'll get up on three, fire off a few rounds, duck down, reload, then crawl off somewhere else, and do it again. Got it?" His remaining team mates nodded. "OK, one...two...THREE!" They jumped up, and fired at the other squad. They quickly ducked down again. Bryn smiled. "I saw at least one of them go down." The two remaining attackers ran, and Bryn quickly put rounds in their backs. They fell to the ground, gasping for breath. Bryn turned to the rest of his team. "Right, by my count there should be only two other teams out here, if we get them, we'll win for su-" He fell to the ground, TTR splattered across his back, and passed out.

He woke up. He was in the infirmary. "Good to see you're finally awake, B-312." Bryn's head snapped around. Lieutenant Ambrose was sitting on a chair next to the bed. Bryn saluted. "Sir!" "At ease, B-312. Just came to say my congratulations." "What for, sir?" "For winning the exercise! DELTA squad got the most confirmed 'kills' of any squad that participated!" Bryn grinned. "Does that mean...?" "Yes. All DELTA members automatically graduate." Ambrose stood up. "The final stage of your training is going to begin soon. Good luck... SPARTAN."

UNSC 'Hopeful', 1245 hours, 5/7/2541

Bryn walked into the small grey room. Several medical staff were already in there, setting up bio-monitors, IV tubes and a bed inside of it. One of them turned to Bryn. He seemed surprised to see a 10 year old boy. "Um, if you'll just lie down on the bed please?" Bryn

lay down on the bed. The man injected a needle in his arm. "This'll dull the pain." He then attached the IV tubes, and strapped Bryn up to the bio-monitors. "We aren't going to be here for the full procedure, which should take about a week, but we'll be monitoring your status." He pressed a button. Bryn felt a strange tingling sensation, soon erupted into absolute pain. The man left. "Good luck boy."

4. SpecOps

UNSC 'Hopeful', 0900 hours, 12/7/2541

Bryn woke up. He looked at his arms. They seemed a lot... stronger. He got up and went over to the door. The handle didn't turn. He bashed the door, frustrated. The force of his fist dented the door. He stepped baÑk as the door opened from the outside, and Lieutenant Ambrose walked in. He looked at the dent. "Looks like you got through the augmentations just fine." He looked at Bryn. "Are you feeling alright?" Bryn nodded. "Good. Because guess what? You came first in the training program. That means that you can stay here with the rest of Beta company, or apply for special operations training." Bryn considered. "Would I have more chance of killing Covenant if I went into special operations training?" Ambrose thought for a moment. "Yeah, I guess you would." Bryn nodded. "OK, I'll it." "Good. You'll leave tomorrow for Reach with the others."

Training Facility 234, planet Reach, 2034 hours, 26/7/2541

The D77 touched down on a landing pad. The doors opened, and Bryn and 29 other SPARTAN-IIIs got out. Their drill instructor was hot on their heels. "Go, go, go! Get inside now!" They headed inside a large building. There was a firing range set up. The DI looked at them. "Alright, I want to see who's the best shot here! Whoever's best will get extra rations for a week!" The SPARTANs went over to several weapon racks nearby, each containing an M6B pistol. Bryn picked one up, and headed back to the firing range. The other SPARTANs joined him. Bryn took aim with the pistol. He looked down it's iron sights at the target, held his hand steady, and fired. CRACK! The M6B discharged it's round, which flew at the wooden cutout, and hit it in the 'stomach'. He emptied the magazine, hitting the head, heart, legs and groin. After all the SPARTANs had discharged their magazines, the DI called for them to stop. He looked at the targets. "B-312, good job, but B072 had the same accuracy, and she did it faster. She wins. Now all of you, get to your quarters!"

Bryn sat down on his bed. A SPARTAN did the same opposite him. He looked at her uniform. It's stenciling read MARILYN-B072. He nodded at her. "That was some pretty good marksmanship out there." She smiled at him. "Thanks. Yours was pretty neat as well." "Thanks. If you don't mind me asking, where do you come from?" "Grewlin. It was an agricultural colony. Well, at least it was before the Covenant showed up." Bryn looked downwards. "I'm sorry to hear that." "Don't be, it's not like it was your fault or anything." One of the drill instructors looked inside. "Lights out, SPARTANs, it's going to be a busy day tomorrow." He flashed a cruel grin. "You're just going to love the playground!"

Sleeping quarters, Training Facility 234, planet Reach, 0245 hours, 27/7/2541

"WAKE UP YOU LOT!" Bryn snapped into consciousness. The DIs were inside the quarters, yelling at the SPARTANS to get up. Bryn quickly got out of his bed, and the other SPARTANS followed suit. One of the DI's walked into the centre of the room. "Alright, listen up SPARTANS. We're going to take a nice little walk down to the playground. Once you're there, you're going to get into three lines, ten SPARTANS to each line. From then, you're going to wait for further instructions. Clear? Good, now fall out, double time!"

_ 'Playground', Training Facility 234, planet Reach, 0458 hours, 27/7/2541_

It turned out that 'a nice little walk to the playground' translated into 'a grueling 3 kilometre run down to a live-fire obstacle course'. The DI explained what was going to happen to the lined-up SPARTANS. "OK, there's a bell at the end of the course. First person to ring the bell wins the exercise. However, first you have to get past the obstacle part of the obstacle course. First, you have to crawl under fire from heavy machine gun turrets. These turrets will be firing live ammunition, so be careful. Next... well, that's all I'm going to tell you. The more you know, the less amusing this becomes for me. Get ready." The SPARTANS lined up at the start of the course. The DI nodded. "Start."

Bryn ran forwards, and quickly went prone as heavy machine gun fire ripped the air above to shreds, as well as one SPARTAN, who's shoulder was ripped off by the rounds. He hit the ground, screaming, his arm just ahead of him. Bryn looked away, and kept crawling forwards. Eventually, he got to the end. There were two SPARTANS ahead of him. He ran towards them, but stopped. He had noticed what they hadn't; a thin cord stretched between one pole and another. The two SPARTANS activated the trip wire, and the poles exploded, showering the SPARTANS with TTR. They fell to the ground, unconscious.

Bryn ran past them, onto the next part of the course. He heard machine gun fire, and ducked as rounds flew close to his head. He looked, to see several DIs manning heavy machine gun turrets. Several rounds exploded next his foot, and he saw that it was TTR. He quickly ran forwards, and looked ahead. The bell was just ahead, and he ran as fast as he could towards it, TTR exploding around his legs. He finally reached the bell, and rang it. As he rang it, however, a TTR round hit him in the stomach.

5. Colonial Rebellion Front

ONI Section Three Beta-5 Division headquarters, planet Reach, 1345 hours, 21/5/2544

Bryn stood in front of the large, wall mounted computer screen. It was showing a map of a complex on the planet Mars. A high ranking Army officer was briefing him on his upcoming mission.

His first mission.

He had passed special operations training with flying colours. He focused more on the map. The objective of the mission was to

assassinate John Anderson, the leader of the Colonial Rebellion Front. The officer explained. "We believe that Anderson will land at this base for an inspection at 0600 hours on the sixth of June this year. You will be up on this ridge line with a sniper rifle. When Anderson has landed, you'll have about 7 seconds to take him down before he gets into cover. If you can't take the shot, you will infiltrate the base, and take him out. Now report to the armoury." Bryn nodded. "OK, I'll get my weapons." The officer stopped him. "You're not just going there for weapons. You're also getting your MJOLNIR."

Armoury, Beta-5 Division headquarters, planet Reach, 1359 hours, 2/5/2544

Bryn walked into the armoury. There were several technicians around a suit of armour. It was mainly cobalt, but small sections of it were aqua. One of the technicians walked over. "Ah! There you are! How do you like the MJOLNIR Mk. IV armour?" Bryn was in awe. "It's...amazing!" The technician smiled. "It is, isn't it? Yes, well, this one's just about to get it's prototype paint job off-" Bryn interrupted. "Eh, don't bother. I like the way it looks." The technician smiled. "Alright then. Let me give you a rundown on helmet is a RECON variant. It has a UA blast shield for more protection, and a third generation HUL, for MILINT acquisition. The shoulders have holders for supplemental 14.5 calibre rounds, in case you run out of ammo. The chest is UA/MULTI THREAT, with extra rounds for a grenade launcher on the belt and under the plate.. You have a TACPAD on your wrist, and on your left thigh a UA/NxRA armour piece. Your knee guards are FJ/PARA." Bryn frowned. "I have absolutely no idea what you just said." The technician chuckled. "Ha, well, all of what I just said might just save your life some day! If the Mk.V enters production, we'll use the tests from these prototype components for it. If you get to wear a Mk.V suit, you can have the same components fitted. Um, stand here, please." Bryn stood on a slightly raised section of the floor. The technicians quickly started putting on his armour. After 30 minutes, they placed the helmet on his head. One of them looked at him. "Raise your left arm _very _slowly please." Bryn complied. Just then, the officer who had briefed him came in. "Lieutenant, come with me." One of the technicians interrupted the officer. "We haven't done the tests yet!" The Officer shook his head. "There's no time. He leaves now."

Prowler UNSC Kretschmer, in orbit above planet Mars, 0345 hours, 6/6/2544

The cryo-tube opened, and Bryn got out, still fully armoured. He moved to the nearby armoury, and picked up a SRS-99 rifle and an M7S silenced SMG. He moved to the ODST drop pod bay, got into a pod, and waited.

5...4...3...2...1.

The HEV dropped from the prowler towards the red planet. Inside, Bryn stayed his best to satay calm. "Come on, you're just falling hundreds of kilometres into a camp full of people who want to kill you... shit." The HEV's parachute deployed, and several seconds later the pod hit the ground. Bryn hit the release button. The pod didn't open. "Fuck." He primed the four explosive charges, which blew the door off. He got out, and looked at the pod. "I'm definitely not doing that again." He retrieved the M7S, and shouldered the SRS-99. He

looked at his TACPAD. It was 2 kilometres to the ridgeline. He started walking.

0546 hours

Bryn finally reached the ridgeline. He holstered the M7S on his hip, and set up the SRS-99. He checked his TACPAD, which was displaying a picture of Anderson. He looked up, to see an old D76 flying towards the base. It landed, and Anderson got out. Bryn quickly lined up the shot, and fired.

Nothing.

Bryn checked the rifle. "Damn!" It had jammed. Bryn unjammed it, lined up the shot and saw Anderson get into cover. "Shit!" Bryn swore in frustration. Then something caught his eye. It was a large petrol tank, built into the wall off the building Anderson had gone into. It looked armoured though, he would need some explosives to detonate it... "Stop right there!" Bryn turned around, drawing his SMG. A three-man Rebel patrol was holding him at gunpoint... and they had grenades.

Perfect.

Bryn took one out with a headshot, and dodged as the others fired their 'confetti makers' at him. He bought his M7S up again, and finished the other two off. He walked over to them, and retrieved their grenades. He had six in total. He quickly ran down to the petrol tank, and planted the grenades. He crawled back up the ridge, and fired a round at one of the grenades. The building ripped apart in an awe-inspiring explosion. Bryn quietly slipped away, his mission complete.

6. Sigma Octanus IV

UNSC Bismarck, in orbit above Sigma Octanus IV, 1812 hours, 18/7/2552

Bryn walked into a briefing room on the battleship. An ONI officer was there, waiting for him. "Sit down, Lieutenant." Bryn complied. "We've detected major Covenant activity at grid thirteen by twenty-four. We believe that the Covenant may be performing a major archaeological dig there. Given that any artifacts recovered there may increase their already considerable religious fanaticism, ONI has decided to disrupt the dig. You will be deployed to the planet with a HEV-" _"Oh for God's sake"_, Bryn thought bitterly. "-and kill any and all Covenant there. Do you have any questions, B-312?" Bryn shook his head. "No questions sir."

Grid thirteen by twenty-four, Sigma Octanus IV, 1824 hours, 18/7/2552

Bryn got out of the pod. He retrieved an MA37 and M392 DMR from the pod. He glanced at a pile of burnt flesh and carbonized bone.

He was used to that sort of thing now.

_"The Covenant must be close," _he thought, just as four Grunts and an Elite spotted him. The Elite pointed at him. "Wort wort wort!"

Bryn bought up his assault rifle and fired, the rounds ripping into the Grunts, and spilling their innards and blue blood onto the ground. The Elite fired it's needler at him, but he dodged, and fired the rest of his magazine into the blue-armoured alien. When all the remaining rounds had been discharged, he dropped the assault rifle, and finished the Elite off with his DMR. The alien collapsed to the ground, a perfect hole dug into it's forehead.

He reloaded his weapons and set off. He paused, looking at some architecture in a rock that was completely alien. It was silvery grey, but it had blue lights running across it. It seemed almost... magical. He moved on. He had a mission, and wasn't going to let some creepy rock stop him. He paused. In a clearing, there was a group of Grunts, twenty of the little aliens, sleeping. Bryn looked around. He couldn't see any other Covenant. He drew his combat knife, and advanced on the sleeping Grunts.

He came up to one, and stuck his knife into it's head. It let out a small groan of pain, and died. Bryn looked at it. It was wearing black armour. He looked around. They were _all _wearing black armour. He'd happened across an encampment of Spec Ops Grunts. He heard a sharp _crack _behind him, and turned around to see a Spec Ops Elite coming out of active camoflage, it's energy sword drawn. It stabbed at him, but he sidestepped, and the sword stuck into a rock. While the Elite tried to pull it's sword out of the rock, Bryn stabbed his knife into it's head.

He turned the energy sword off, and took it away from the rock. He turned around to see the Grunts pointing their weapons at him. "Ah." They fired at him, but he turned the energy sword back on and charged at them, slashing and stabbing into their bodies, slicing their limbs and innards, and staining the grass with their blue blood. When he was finished, the sword was out of charge, and the ground was littered with bits of the unfortunate Grunts. He retrieved several of their grenades.

He continued on, holding his M392 in his hands. After several minutes without contact with the Covenant, he found a clearing.

Full of Covenant.

Grunts in black and white armour, Hunters, Skirmisher Champions, and Elite Ultras and Zealots, even a Field Marshal. The Field Marshal was walking towards a cave, which had a bright blue glow coming from it. _"Well, this is going to be a challenge. I love a challenge." _He thought, priming a plasma grenade. He saw that there was a large group of Hunters and Grunts next to a large pile of plasma coils. He threw the grenade at it. One of the Grunts noticed, but it was too late. There was an enormous, blinding plasma explosion, which ripped the Covenant to shreds. After several seconds, he jumped down, and inspected his work. There were no survivors. Hunter worms were crushed under his feet as he walked towards the cave. He went inside, to see that the Field Marshal had survived.

It drew it's sword, and charged at him, but Bryn sidestepped and plunged his knife into it's back. It fell, groaned, and died. He moved forwards, and saw a circular object, silvery gray, with blue lights running across it. He picked it up. _This _must have been what the Covenant were after. He activated his beacon, and a D77 picked him up. When he got back to the _Bismarck_, the ONI officer took the

artifact off him. "Good job, B-312. You have new orders. Come with me."

Planet Reach, 0728 hours, 24/7/2552

As the Warthog continued on it's journey, Bryn looked at his helmet, thinking. _"We've lost so much in this war. Hundreds of planets, trillions of people. Can we ever win?" _He put the helmet back on. _"No use thinking about it." _The Warthog came to a stop outside two buildings, where a Falcon army transport was landing. Bryn got out, and walked past another Falcon into one of the buildings. Inside, he saw another SPARTAN, sharpening his knife. He had a deaths-head carved into the visor of his EVA helmet. Bryn was blocked from walking any further by a woman. Her arm had been replaced by a robotic prosthesis.

She turned to two other SPARTANs. "Commander?" One looked at him. "So that's our new number 6." The one with the deaths head looked at the woman. "Kat, you read his file?" Kat replied, annoyed. "Only the parts that weren't covered in black ink." The Commander, however, focused on the briefing for the mission. Innsurrectionists had disabled Visegr d relay, and taken out all the army squads sent to investigate. The briefing ended, and the other SPARTANs exited the building, but the Commander looked at Bryn. "Lieutenant." Bryn nodded. "Commander, sir!" "I'm Carter, NOBLE team's leader. That's Kat, NOBLE 2, Emile & Jorge, four and five. You're riding with me, NOBLE 6." They exited the building, and headed to the Falcon. Carter turned to him. "I'm not gonna lie to you Lieutenant. You're stepping into some shoes the rest of the squad would rather leave unfilled. Me, I'm just happy to have NOBLE back up to full strength. Just one thing. I've read your file, even the parts the ONI censors didn't want me to. I'm glad to have your skill set, but we're a team. That lone wolf stuff, stays behind. Got it?" Bryn nodded, reluctantly. "Got it, sir." A SPARTAN in SCOUT armour and holding an SRS-99 looked at him.

"Welcome to Reach."

End
file.